13.

A

PANEGYRICK,

Upon My Lord

Chief Juſtice Jeffryes

HIS

PICTURE.

GReat *Sculptors* Art! I could for ever View,
A piece ſo Juſt, ſo Lively and ſo True:
A piece in which all may diſtinctly find
Sure Indications of a Noble Mind:
An aſpect open, and a Brow that's Clear,
Without the flattering, ſly, inſidious Leer:
A Front that's awful, yet a Friend may ſee
The trueſt ſigns of Affability.
An Eye ſo Keen, What Villain can have Senſe,
Pierc'd by it's Terrour to plead Innocence?
The Sturdieſt Faction, muſt with ſhame Retire
When from the *Bench* his Eyes ſhoot darting Fire.
Where he does ſit, and with an even Hand,
Diſtributes Right and Juſtice through the Land:

Juſtice

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Juſtice to all that Sues he does afford,
As Equal to the Peaſant as the Lord:
And what an Honeſt Conſcience bids him do,
To that, and Law, he dares be Juſt and True.
Nor can his Juſtice be o're rul'd by thoſe,
Who to Defend the Church and Laws were Choſe:
Yet when to *Stephens Chappel* they repair,
Worſe then a *Den*, they made the Houſe of Prayer.
Sir *George* for *England*, *Jeffryes* hears the Cauſe,
Jeffryes the Bulwark of the Nations Laws:
Jeffryes the truly Loyal, truly Great,
The mighty *Atlas* of our ſinking State,
In all things Brave, in all things Fortunate.
If *Athens* once, and *Lacedemon* too,
Both for their Laws and *Judges* famous grew,
Then what may we, when *Jeffryes* has done more
Than *Solon* or *Lycurgus* did before.
The Name of Chief to many has been due,
To none (My Lord) more juſtly than to You.
Oh! Who is he that in ſo ſhort a time
Did to ſo high a pitch of Glory Climb?
Where Conſtellation like, may he for ever ſhine.

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